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8-12-1899

# Letter from Harriet Prescott Spofford, Newburyport, Massachusetts, to Anne Whitney and Adeline Manning, Shelburne, New Hampshire, 1899 August 12

Harriet Prescott Spofford

Wellesley College Archives

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[1887]

For

Miss Aunt

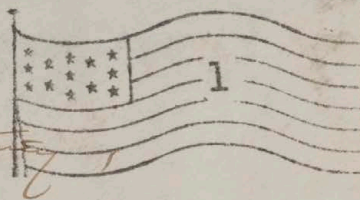
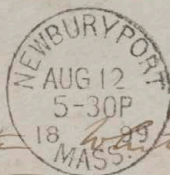
and

Miss Feline Manning,

The Knoll,

Shelburne,

New Hampshire.



[August 12, 1899]

Near  
Newburyport Mass.  
Saturday Morning.

My Darling Dear Ones:

Here I am, safe &  
sound. I was rather wretched the first  
hour or two of my journey, - and then  
the kind little porter brought me a glass  
of hot ginger, saying "You're feeling bad,  
this. Now if you take this 'it'll settle  
your stomach." And it did. And he got  
Daniel's Dollar. By the time I reached

Portland I was ready to enjoy Coosco  
Bay, -- and on the home: stretch made  
the acquaintance of a delightful  
bay. And today am only a little  
shaky, -- which will wear away in  
time, I suppose. Kate and Katharine  
drove round Portland, the day I  
went up, -- & Katharine left the  
carriage to look at a monument that  
for some unknown reason caught her

remote enough for Zeus and Demogorgon,  
& then again beautiful enough for  
Aphrodite & Psyche et al.  
In their depths, is such secrecy,  
on their heights nearness to the  
unspeakable. I have got to have  
another life where I can spend it  
among the hills. I think I will  
be a man in that life, -- & live  
in a cave, -- but no, -- I have got



to be a disembodied spirit, to  
enjoy them all I would like.

It rained steadily here last night,  
— as I never knew it not to  
do, on the eleventh of August, ~~except~~  
when there was a full moon,  
— save for one great night.

I found Mrs. Tall had been here  
and dined, in my absence, and had  
said the wine I sent her was not  
the wine she wanted, — I made

herself otherwise agreeable. I also  
found a letter saying my Dear Mrs.

Sangster had withdrawn from the  
editorship of the Bazar, which is bad  
news for me, — and here comes

a mountain { proof of my poor tales  
(the latter book) }  
of tragedy to be read. It is to be  
out in September, — & I will send it,  
(S.V. & you V.) Some of the stories  
are not bad, tho' they may not be  
agreeable. One, the initial one, is  
in a way a sort of austral story

that you do love to me. You are Fairhope Hall.

of my own people, - I own "A <sup>lost</sup> ~~lost~~   
 Trinity," I dreamed, although not   
 actually. - I went off to Sistrange   
 with my faintness that I forgot to   
 bid Ida goodby. Will you say to for   
 me? And tell her I thank her for   
 her kindnesses?

I was so glad you did not insist   
 on coming down with me, my dear   
 A.D.E. I should have felt so badly to   
 have broken your plans & given you the   
 fatigue, - & I was all right to soon, -   
 & I found myself needed here. But I   
 never knew anything to angelic.   
 My heart's love to you both, - Dear & great loves

eye, - I found it was to an en-   
 -casing of hers, Cleaves or Clevis,   
 I don't know which, - an early per-   
 -sonage of that region, - so she rather   
 feels as if you had introduced her   
 to her foreby. I never saw any   
 place with such magnificent chance   
 for beauty as Portlano has in its <sup>high</sup> es-   
 -planades & water-fronts.

Now I miss you, - how like life   
 in a high serene region your life

seems to me, - how much I feel  
helped & lifted by breathing your dear  
fine atmosphere, - I can't say  
I you can't hear. And as for the  
mountains, - I am like Antaeus,  
every time I touch them I gain  
strength. How plain it is why the  
ancients put their gods into the heavens  
among the hills, - those to them un-  
traversable hills, - places of mystery  
& of a grandeur that made them